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ally Sloper's Half Holiday

BEING A SELECTION, SIDE-SPLITTING, SENTIMENTAL, AND SERIOUS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD BOYS, YOUNG BOYS, ODD BOYS GENERALLY, AND EVEN GIRLS.

Vol. IV.—No. 147.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1887.

[ONE PENNY.]



THE PIECE OF EUROPE.

"Speaking at the International Conference, held in Berlin last week, Poor Pa, addressing the Representatives of the Great Powers, said, 'The Peace of Europe is desirable, but there is only ONE PIECE of Europe I care twopence about, which, under new management, I hope to keep going. The other Pieces, re-named, might turn out all right, but I leave that to you.'—TOOTSIE.

SOME STUDIES OF HUMAN NATURE.

No. 4.—Tricks in the Butchery Business; or, The Adventures of a Son of Suet.



Old Fuller Brown was a Sussex fletcher, and did a pretty good trade. His son Arthur did the mashing while the old 'un turned in the chips.



After retiring from trade, old Fuller took it comfortably, while Arthur aped the gentleman, as 'twas a nice game, better than joining the Mellishur.



After the old 'un's death, Arthur did the mashing very successfully. But of course no one dreamed that he was a Son of Suet.

A MERRY ROGUE.

ON the 25th of September, 1713, in the twenty-second year of his age, was hanged a promising young man, Gettings by name, but otherwise known as the "Hereford Boy," who might have lived longer and ended better had he not been a thief. N.B.—Don't be a thief.

One evening a certain medical practitioner, Doctor Young, was sitting with his son in the surgery, when he was startled by a loud bumping noise in the passage outside his door. Going to see what it was, he found a porter, who had fallen down with a bale of goods. The porter, picking himself up, said, "Are you Doctor Young?" and being told he was, told the doctor that he had brought the things there by the instructions of a Mr. Penhenribus, who had ordered him to leave them. On this, Doctor Young, never having heard of this remarkably-named person, refused to take charge of the goods, and swore that if they were not removed, he would throw them into the street. "Very well, sir," said the porter, reluctantly; "if you won't, you won't. The things have almost broke my back as it is. Might I beg as a favour of you and that gentleman to give me a help up with 'em?" "Ay, ay, with all my heart," said the doctor; and he and his son at once did as desired.

Scarcely, however, had the porter taken his departure when the doctor's wife, returning from shopping, went upstairs to take off her hat and cloak, but immediately

came running down again in a great passion, exclaiming, "What's this folly now? It seems I can never stir out of doors but you must be turning the house upside down." "House upside down" repeated the doctor. "You must have been spending your market-money on something unusually strong to talk at this rate. What ails you?" "What ails me, you old fool!" replied the dame, in a bigger rage than ever. "Do you mean to say you haven't had the bed taken down in our room?" But at these words a horrible suspicion dawned upon the old gentleman that he had been helping a thief to carry off his own goods and chattels. He had, too, of course, and the thief was the "Hereford Boy," who had stumbled on the stairs bringing down the plunder.

Having, some short time after this, stolen a horse, Gettings turned "Dashing Highwayman," and found, on the first man he rode "Stand and Deliver!" twopence halfpenny. The traveller was himself a foot-pad in reduced circumstances.

There is one other story about our friend Gettings worth repeating. One evening, well mounted, he was passing through Richmond, when he saw a gentleman, richly attired, strolling in his pleasure-grounds. Dismounting, he gave his horse in charge of a gardener at the gate, and inquired if he might be permitted to view the gardens of which he had heard so much.

The gardener, knowing his master to be an easy-tempered gentleman, readily consented, and Gettings, hat in hand, strolled forward. The host received him courteously, and conducted him round the grounds until they came to a retired arbour, where they sat down.

"Your worship," said Gettings, with a pleasant smile, "has a fine diamond ring upon your finger."

"It ought to be," replied the owner; "it cost me a pretty penny."

"Why, then," said Gettings, "it is the fitter to bestow on a friend. Therefore, if your worship pleases, I must make bold to take it, to wear for your sake. And," he added, producing his pistol, "you also doubtless carry a fine watch, and a few guineas to jingle in your pocket. I will trouble you for them, and you must permit me to gag and bind you for a short space of time, when I will not fail to send some body to set you at liberty. Good evening."

Upon this, having suited the actions to the words, he strolled off, mounted his horse, gave the gardener a shilling, and told him his master wanted him, and I expect when that gag came out, some strong language was used.

"Billiam," said Alexandry.

"Yes, Alexandry," replied Billiam.

"Billiam, the Guddyrorer," Alexandry continued, "I cannot but think that although the anecdotes recounted exhibit a considerable amount of playful humour that, after all, honesty is the best policy."

"Wherefore?" inquired Billiam, with a scoffing laugh.

"Because, oh, Belpattered One! if there's many of them twopenny ha'p'ny jobs about, and you're dashing highwaymaning on osback, what's to pay for the keep o' the 'os, let alone your own half-pints?"

"Fool!" thundered Billiam, and striking out with his left he missed his aim and upset upside down, and then (aha!) Alexandry went for him with a metal-tipped toe.

(Next week quite a new kind.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries, particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course.

JAMES FLOOD ("Globe Hotel," Whitehaven).—You say the only fault you have to find with the "HALF-HOLIDAY" is that it is a weekly paper, when it ought to be a daily one. That is a very quaintly-put compliment. Thanks.—THOMAS SEATON (Bermundsey).—The cuttings you mention would not be of the slightest use to us.—C. MILLARD (Clerkenwell).—ALLY thanks you for the coat, and has placed it in his "Museum."—MOCIN POOT (Portsmouth).—Mrs. Sloper has generously presented the patent hat you sent her to the "Museum."—DUCK.—ALLY read your love-letter with a palpitating bosom.—SIR GUYER SLOPER.—Our artistic Staff is complete.—J. E. ANKER (Aldershot).—ALLY was there. It is a well-known fact that the Queen is very fond of him, and if Mrs. S.—but there, you can guess the rest.—LIZZIE (New Street).—Another love-letter for the Eminent! You girls will really turn the Old Man's colossal brain.—JOHN SPIERS (Manchester).—No room for your lines.—P. ROBINSON (Bristol).—Thanks for newspaper cutting.—NELLIE SHEFFIELD (Royal Princess' Theatre, Glasgow).—When you come to London we may be able to oblige you.—ANON.—We are at a loss to understand why you send us some torn-out pages of an old comic paper.—R. A. NORTON (Liverpool).—The Eminent cannot tell you how much it cost him to colour his nose, which is "a thing of beauty," if not a "joy for ever."—CAULIFLOWER JOE (Plumstead).—ALLY cannot part with Alexandry.—EDWIN AXE (Limehouse, E.).—No room for your lines.—PERCY O. SCHOLEY (Leyton, E.).—Your verses are declined with thanks.—F. G. F. W. (Hyde Park).—Sorry you are confined to your bed with a bad leg, but glad that the "HALF-HOLIDAY" is a double pleasure to you. You can buy a "Sloper Walking-Stick" from Mr. J. Newbury, 10 Aldermanbury, E.C.—S. J. THOMAS (Hampstead Road).—Your very juvenile sketches are declined.—SISIE (Margate).—The Eminent is much gratified to read that you think him "awfully clever." He hopes to meet you at Margate soon.—A. M. E.—We regret we were unable to assist you, not having any votes.

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"MOST NOBLE A. SLOPER, K.G.,"

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99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* * The Competition will close SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26TH, 1887.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

WHY is Sims Reeves, when he is keeping an audience of two thousand people waiting for his appearance, like a ton?—Because he makes twenty hundredweight (wait).

THIS is really the latest from the Sunday school where Alexandry sometimes joins in the kissing game.

Teacher. Now, little boy, tell me what is the feminine of Hebrew. Pupil (after a lengthy pause). Please, sir, She-brew.



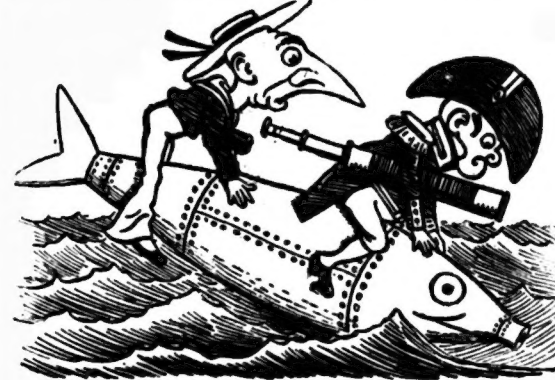
FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 147.—The "Ruddigore" Costume.



"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" "Don't be impatient, sir," she said. And she gassed away in an awful tiff.—Yours outrageously, BILLY.



FAIX, AN' IT'S MOIGHTY FOINE! "But what'll I be after doin' when the bawbees are all gone?"



PICKHEAD AND THE ADMIRALTY
Shooting the depths of the Briny Ocean. Oh, lor'!



A HEAVY TRAGEDIAN.
Who thinks March has set in too soon, as he cannot keep his legs in these winds.



MORE COMPLAINTS.
This time it is about the rain. So, what with wind and rain, we're having a fine old time.

WHAT was the difference between the late Czar of Russia previous to his assassination and afterwards?—While he was alive he was an autocrat, but after his death he became a naught-o-crut.

Anxious Wife, to Studious Husband. Do come to dinner, my dear. All this soup will be wasted if you do not come at once, for there is a leak in the tureen.

Husband (hastening to table). A leak in the tureen—where, my dear, where?

Wife. I said a leak in the tureen, dear, and you'll find it there if you fish about for it.

"POOR Jones is in a bad state," observed Smith, as he shook hands with Brown in the train. "Ah, indeed," responded Brown. Well, he might be in a worse. "How's that?" asked Smith. "Why, he might be in the State of Bulgaria," replied the wretch.

"SWEET Valentine, will you be mine?"

I've managed to indite;
But I couldn't write another line,
Were I to try all night.

I've chew'd three pens, and scratch'd my head
Until I'm nearly bald,
And oh! the naughty words I've said
Would make you stand appall'd.

If but this line my sweetheart got,
I should get the mitten;
Confiscate I—oh! I know what—
I'll buy one ready written.

WHAT is the difference between a picture at the Academy and a traitor in the olden time?—Why, the traitor was hung, drawn, and quartered, while the picture has to be drawn first, then hung, and, as to the quarters a picture will receive, a great deal depends upon the purchaser, while sometimes the critics give an artist no quarter.

OVERHEARD leaving the railway station.

Mrs. Podger. Polite young man, Mr. Triffles.

Mr. Podger. Yes, he's a very decent young fellow.

Mrs. P. Why didn't you ask him to dinner?

Mr. P. Because he would have been sure to have accepted, and a roast duck has only one back, that's why! If I can't treat a man properly, I'd rather not have him at all.

"Do you mean to bring your baby up as a butcher, madam?" inquired an old gentleman the other day in the train. "No, sir," replied the mother. "Why do you ask?" "Why, madam, as you keep saying to it, 'Buy buy, Baby,' I thought that perhaps you were teaching him his future vocation." That mother changed carriages at the next station.

Workman. Where would yer like this ere gas-stove to go, mum?

Young Housewife. I want it fixed up on this table, for next week I am going to cook myself, and—

Workman (gazing in wonder at the "all very fine and large"). Lor', mum! won't you make a mess?

A WELL-KNOWN member of the aristocracy was conversing with Mr. Stanley previous to his departure for Africa, and, among other questions, he asked him how he would manage to exist up country. "By purchasing provisions from the natives," was the reply. "But money will be of no value to them." "Oh, no," answered Stanley, "we shall pay for everything in kind." "But supposing they won't deal with you?" "Ah, that will be unkind instead of in kind," was the smiling reply, and the great traveller moved away.

"OH, tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head,
And where begot, where nourished?
Why, where but in the baker's shop,
Where highest prices never drop,
Where rogues have always flourished."

LITTLE Tomkyns has a big law case on, and he is very fond of talking about it, much to the annoyance of his friends and acquaintances. The other day one of them thought he would try and stop his interminable flow of prattle, so he observed, "If I were you, Tomkyns, I should not talk so much about my affairs. Keep your own counsel." "Keep my counsel!" replied Tomkyns; "so I do, and a solicitor and three clerks as well! They are all making a living out of my case."

YOUNG man, describing his sweetheart to his elderly sister, who is not on friendly terms with the young lady aforesaid.

Brother. Her eyes are like sloes. Sister. Yes, green ones.

Brother. Her cheeks resemble lilies. Sister. Humph! tiger lilies.

Brother. Her lips are like cherries. Sister. The bitter Morella Cherry.

Brother. Her hair is like coal itself. Sister. Yes, red-hot coal.

[Meeting adjourned.]

A CERTAIN well-known contemporary, whose name we will not mention for Charity's sake, to say nothing of the law of libel, was treating its readers the other day to a descriptive article on Sofia. "Half of the inhabitants are Christians," it said; "the other half are Musselmans, and the remainder are Jews." We wish we knew how to cut a thing in two halves, and then still have a piece left over.

SCENE—Second-class railway carriage.

Commercial Man (laying down newspaper). I think we shall have war, sir, after all.

Fine-drawn Masher (carelessly). Delighted to hear it.

Commercial Man. But think of the damage it will do to business.

Masher. So much the better; I always had a great abhorrence to business.

Commercial Man (picking up his paper again). Ah, I see, I s'pose your father made his money in it.

SHE really was a pretty dear,
And oh, so large and fine,
I whispered low, I shook with fear,
"Wilt be my Valentine?"

She raised her lovely eyes to mine,
With lashes long and thick,
And said, "I'll be your Valentine,
And with a walking stick."

Then, suiting action to the word
She picked up half a brick,
Though, p'raps you'll say it was absurd,
I moved off pretty quick.

THEY are building a new police station at Sloper's Island, and a day or two ago the inspector jocularly observed in conversation that a watch and chain would be presented to the first person run in. "Oh yes, I dare say," remarked Bill Higgins, closing one eye. "The chain will be attached to the hand-cuffs, and the watch will be through the little grating in the cell door." "Sharp boy, that," said the inspector, admiringly. "He'll be a credit to the neighbourhood some day."

SCENE—Gaiety Bar.

Smith (alluding to disputatious member, with a contradictory spirit and a turn for spiteful sarcasm). What a nuisance that fellow is! Who is he? What is his vocation?

Jones. His vocation? I should think his principal vocation is provocation!

WHEN is a coverlet like Morphia?—When it is a counterpane (counter-pain).

TOOTSIE AT THE SAVOY.

I AM passionately fond of good music, and so is every Well-Regulated Girl—and boy, I believe; in fact, I cannot understand why everyone should not be. But still there are, you know, dears, a certain class of crotchety creatures who sneer at everything approaching to pleasure and enjoyment, and show their teeth (false ones generally) whenever a pretty girl ventures to express an opinion. Music never yet possessed the charm to soothe their savage tongues.

But I am determined, when my mind's made up, so, giving that trio of poodles the slip the other evening, I went to see and listen to Gilbert and Sullivan's new supernatural opera, *Ruddigore*, in company with a young Cantab, whose acquaintance we first made down at Brighton, during the season there. He was a nice, jolly boy, and behaved handsomely. I believe he is studying for the cloth; but he was not ruefully, sentimentally serious, like some of those collegians one meets now and again at fashionable watering-places. We had a three-guinea box, so I was able to judge pretty fairly of what was going on. Poor dear Georgie Grossmith was laid up, seriously ill, for which I was very sorry. His place was filled by Mr. Henri, who, I am sure, acquitted himself as Robin Oakapple in a very excellent manner. He showed at his best in that awful nerve-freezing scene in the picture gallery in Ruddigore Castle. A more blood-curdling affair than that ghostly picture business, where all the phantoms of the wicked baronets come out of their portrait frames to torture poor Henri, could scarcely have been devised, even by the ingenious brain of W. S. Gilbert himself. Rutland Barrington was simply superb all through the piece, and sang and acted in a style that pleased everyone. Dick Dauntless, that is Durward Lely, you know, the sailor with the long pigtail, was a very hearty and lively Jack Tar, and he footed a horripole as cor-

rectly and nimbly as ever did the real Jack Robinson on a real ship's quarter-deck.

The opera is only in two acts, and one could easily tell that the best attention had been given to every little detail. I much admired the big bass voice of Rudolph Lewis, who played the part of Old Adam Goodheart. I think bass is real manly, and sounds the proper thing in a man; but, of course, some are tenors, and, unless they are rich and sweet, I do not care to listen to them. Robust tenors, however, are more numerous than they were.

Lovely Leonora Braham as Rose Maybud, a village maiden, seemed charmingly at home with her part, though sadly given to dithering, I'm afraid. But then girls will be girls, and we are awfully fond of teasing, and the boys love us all the more hopelessly for it. So there now! Jessie Bond—pretty little Jessie!—had a difficult part to play as Mad Margaret, but if she is *petite*, she's clever, and that's better still. Rosina Brandram, of course, was perfect mistress of her part, and showed the true tact and spirit of a woman as Dame Hannah. Miss Josephine Findlay and Miss Lindsay were both pleasing and engaging, and so indeed were all the dear girls and boys, and everyone did their very best. I am sure, I could recognize the familiar swing of Arthur's music, which will soon become as popular as most of his other compositions. Mr. Gilbert has written plenty of words to the quick time of the music, and it seemed a puzzle to me how tongues could rattle it all out so fast and correctly. But they did it. And the melodies and harmonies sound sweetly upon one's ears. My Cantab boy seemed awfully amused with that clerico-quakery business between Jessie and Rutland, and so, indeed, did everyone, myself included. *Ruddigore* adds to the credit of the author and composer, and is, I am certain, a complete success. Mr. D'Oyley Carte knows perfectly well how to manage things at the Savoy, and as he is an old friend of Papa's, I must tell you that he is real good in whatever he takes in hand. The dresses and scenic effects show great taste, and excellence may be seen in every way. Do not by any means omit seeing *Ruddigore*.



Dick Dauntless: DURWARD LELY. Dame Hannah: ROSE BRANDRAM.

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Despard Murgatroyd: RUTLAND BARRINGTON. Mad Margaret: JESSIE BOND.

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EACH WEEK'S COMPETITION COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again." ALEXANDRY.

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The results of each week's Competition will be published in "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY." The list for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, Feb. 23rd, 1887. The Result of the Competition of Feb. 12th, 1887, will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for Feb. 26th, 1887.

* * Specimen "SLOPER" WATCHES are on view at "The Sloperies."

28th WEEK. RESULT OF FEBRUARY 5th COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded "SLOPER" WATCHES:—

1. EMILY DAVIS, Music Teacher, 70 Duncombe Road, Hornsey Rise. Age, 20 years. Subscriber—18 months. LONDON.
2. L. ROSS, Lady, 67 Burrage Road, Plumstead. Age, 24 years. Subscriber—2 years. LONDON.
3. HARRY A. CHINN, Newsagent and Stationer, 65 Asylum Road, Peckham. Age, 40 years. Subscriber—since beginning. LONDON.
4. WILLIAM JAMES CABLE, Composer, "Rochester and Chatham Journal Office," care of Mr. W. T. Wildish, St. Margaret's Banks. Age, 18 years. Subscriber—1 year, 8 months, 2 weeks. ROCHESTER.
5. EDWARD S. LOCKLEY, Proprietor, Town Arms Hotel. Age, 30 years. Subscriber—2 years. WALLINGFORD.
6. ALEXANDER DICK, Warehouseman, P.O. Houston. Age, 20 years. Subscriber—about 24 years. JOHNSTONE.
7. JOHN RANKIN, Signaller, Broadfield Lodge. Age, 22 years. Subscriber—1 year and 10 months. PORT GLASGOW.
8. FREDERICK WRIGHT, Station Master, G. W. R. Station, Carrog. Age, 47 years. Subscriber—1 year, 8 months, 2 weeks. CORWEN.
9. LIONEL A. GREEN, Leveller, Ordnance Survey. Age, 22 years. Subscriber—since October, 1885. AMLWCH.
10. ALICE M. CORNISH, Lady, 10 Newry Street. Age, 17 years. Subscriber—over 2 years. BANBRIDGE.
11. EDITH GRAY, Schoolgirl, Daughter of Dr. Gray, Melbourne Terrace. Age, 10 years. Subscriber—2 years. ARMAGH.
12. CHARLES HIVES, Schoolboy, U. S. College, Westward Ho! Age, 14 years. Subscriber—13 months, 2 weeks. BIDEFORD.
13. EDWARD JAMES COLEBY, Solicitor's Clerk, Theatre Street. Age, 21 years. Subscriber—since commencement. EAST DEREHAM.
14. C. EAGAR, Comedian, Theatre Royal. Age, 25 years. Subscriber—since commencement. HYDE.
15. J. TOMKINS, Gentleman, Vine Cottage, Essendon. Age, 25 years. Subscriber—from the commencement. MATFIELD.
16. J. H. KINSLEY, Wine and Spirit Merchant, 1 High Street. Age, 29 years. Subscriber—since November, 1884. ST. NEOTS.
17. J. WILLIAMS, Railway Clerk, Whitley Bridge. Age, 30 years. Subscriber—3 years. PONTERFRACT.
18. HENRY MURPHY, Hotel Keeper, Angel Hotel. Age, 32 years. Subscriber—one year and a half. MIDHURST.
19. THOMAS METCALF, Pay Sergeant, Royal Artillery, Tynemouth Castle. Age, 36 years. Subscriber—2 years, 1 month. TYNEMOUTH.
20. EDGAR J. HAWKINGS, Farmer, Berrow. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—since beginning. BRIDGWATER.

IT WAS A TIME FOR NOSES!

(AFTER TOM HOOD.)

Ass, coxcomb, blockhead, squinter.
Were terms we bandied fast.
Then came the time for noses—
We plucked them as we passed.

Such fearsome gnashes ne'er were gnashed
By rival suitors yet;
The hat which o'er your eyes was bashed
Looked stiff when first we met.

You named a place where I might go;
But still you held me fast.
It was the time for noses—
We plucked them as we passed.

What else could clear each glowing beak
From its vile stain but blood?
We clinched, we strove, we cursed and fell;
We wallowed in the mud,
And pulled each other's noses more,
Still scowling to the last.
It was a time for noses—
We plucked them as we passed.

HARD LINES!

AN amateur "chucker-out," who aided the French police in ejecting a "rough" from a theatre, was stabbed thrice in the back on his way home, his assailant exclaiming, "This may teach you not to meddle with people in future. I have only given you three *coups de poignard* this time, but should you again assist to compass my expulsion from a place of entertainment, I will call in the assistance of my maiden aunt and my mother-in-law to punish you."

AN UGLY VALENTINE.

SAID Susan Jane, "If I had a soldier I'd have something better than a bombardier."

"He's quite good enough for me," said Mary, as she went on cleaning her plate.

"I'd have something better to walk out with than what's dressed in blue. Why, he ain't hardly a bit better than a piece-man."

"He suits me, anyhow," said Mary, giving a final touch-up to a gravy spoon.

"Leave the girl alone, Susan Jane," said the mistress, coming into the kitchen.

He was a bombardier, down at Woolwich, but I don't know that he was any the worse for that. He was a good sort of a fellow, but rather more like the other branches of Her Majesty's Forces, he thought,—

"In every mess to find a friend, In every port a wife."

He had known Mary down in the country when they were boy and girl. She went into domestic service; he went into Her Majesty's.

For a holiday Mary had gone down to see him at Woolwich. With the true inconsistency of womankind, she hunted the man up because he was beginning to neglect her.

She went down to Woolwich by boat. She spent the time in the cabin—that always smells of cherry brandy, stale lamp oil, and dirt.

"How handsome Joe is," she said to herself, "and I'm sure he likes me best. I wish he wasn't so flighty. I am sure that Susan Jane will never get him from me."

Joe met her at the landing stage, and Mary walked as proud as Punch, or rather Judy, beside her hero. They spent the day happily together. They had tea and shrimps, and afterwards went to Drury Lane to see the pantomime.

Waiting at the pit door, Joe met a friend who had his sister with him. Joe was very friendly with both—perhaps too much so. There can be an inappropriate degree of squeedging, even in making your way into the pit.

"You ain't fair on me, Joe," said Mary, whimpering as they parted.

"What do you go a-making up to that girl for?"

"I tell you what it is," said Joe (Joe had had several half-pints of ale on an empty stomach), who was somewhat disagreeable, "if you can't stand my enjoying myself, we shall have to part, so good-bye; I've got to get the train."

He trotted off without kissing her. Crying bitterly, she went home.

"Although he is only a bombardier, I believe he's sick of you, what with your jealousy, and that," said Susan Jane.

"Oh, don't say that," said Mary, crying.

A few moments later Susan Jane was saying to herself, "Little idiot, I'll pay her out! I'll buy her an ugly valentine about jealousy, the green-eyed monster. I'll have it posted at Woolwich, and she'll think it 'ull come from him. That 'ull settle her!"

A valentine of the "penny plain, twopenny coloured" description, long in length and gaudy in tint, Susan Jane selected from the stock in a small stationer's shop in a back street, round the window of which several "domestic" ladies and a cluster of boys had been hanging for some time, gazing admiringly upon the dangling rows of atrocities within.

That afternoon Sarah Jane visited a housemaid friend of hers at Charlton, and impressed her into participation in the little joke.

On Valentine's Day Mary was found in tears.

"He never would 'ave sent me that if he'd thought anythink of me."

Her mistress, who was kind, said, "Mary, don't be so silly, wash your face and go and have a walk in the fresh air.—How weak and hysterical that girl is," her mistress added to herself.

Mary seemed to take a long time over her walk.

At seven o'clock there was a knock at the kitchen area door. A constable stood there. "I don't want to upset you, young woman," he said, "but your Mary."

"Yes." "She's done it, poor thing!"

"Flopped into the canal—there's an end of her." "What?"

That was an uncommonly ugly valentine, and Susan Jane never forgot she had sent it as long as she lived.



"He's quite good enough for me."



They had tea and shrimps.



Mary was found in tears.



"Gaily," the Troubadour, got it real hot that time, and no mistake.—BILLYUM HIGGINS.



AN EVENING PARTY COSTUME.
Worn recently by Nellie Hikka.



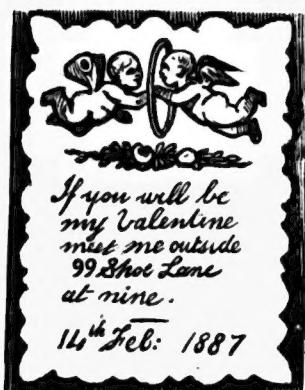
A RALE OIRISH GIRL.

Who, when Sandy, a Scot, tried to play off a joke on Biddy, received the twig of Blackthorn across his shoulders, that made him wince for a month after.

MORAL.—Scotch and Irish won't mix.



1. Young Mr. Greenfish receives a valentine.



2. Hullo! what's this? An appointment? Rapture!



3. I will be there!



4. The question is, shall I wear my new ulster?



5. Or my frock? The frock certainly shows the slope in the back to greater advantage.



ANOTHER CLERICO-CODGER.

Who says he has had enough of the cloth, and intends being jolly and rational, like other sensible people. Hooray!



6. At the rendezvous. Nine o'clock. I don't see her.



7. Ten o'clock. I declare it's beginning to rain.



8. No signs of her yet. This brutal rain is soaking me through.



9. Twelve o'clock. There must be some mistake. I can't stand it any longer!



10. It was a got-up thing of some facetious friends of young Greenfish, who, from an adjacent window, thought it no end of a lark.



TREASURE TROVE.

Armless Individual. By thunder! I shouldn't be surprised if they'd come across mine; I'll step in and ask.



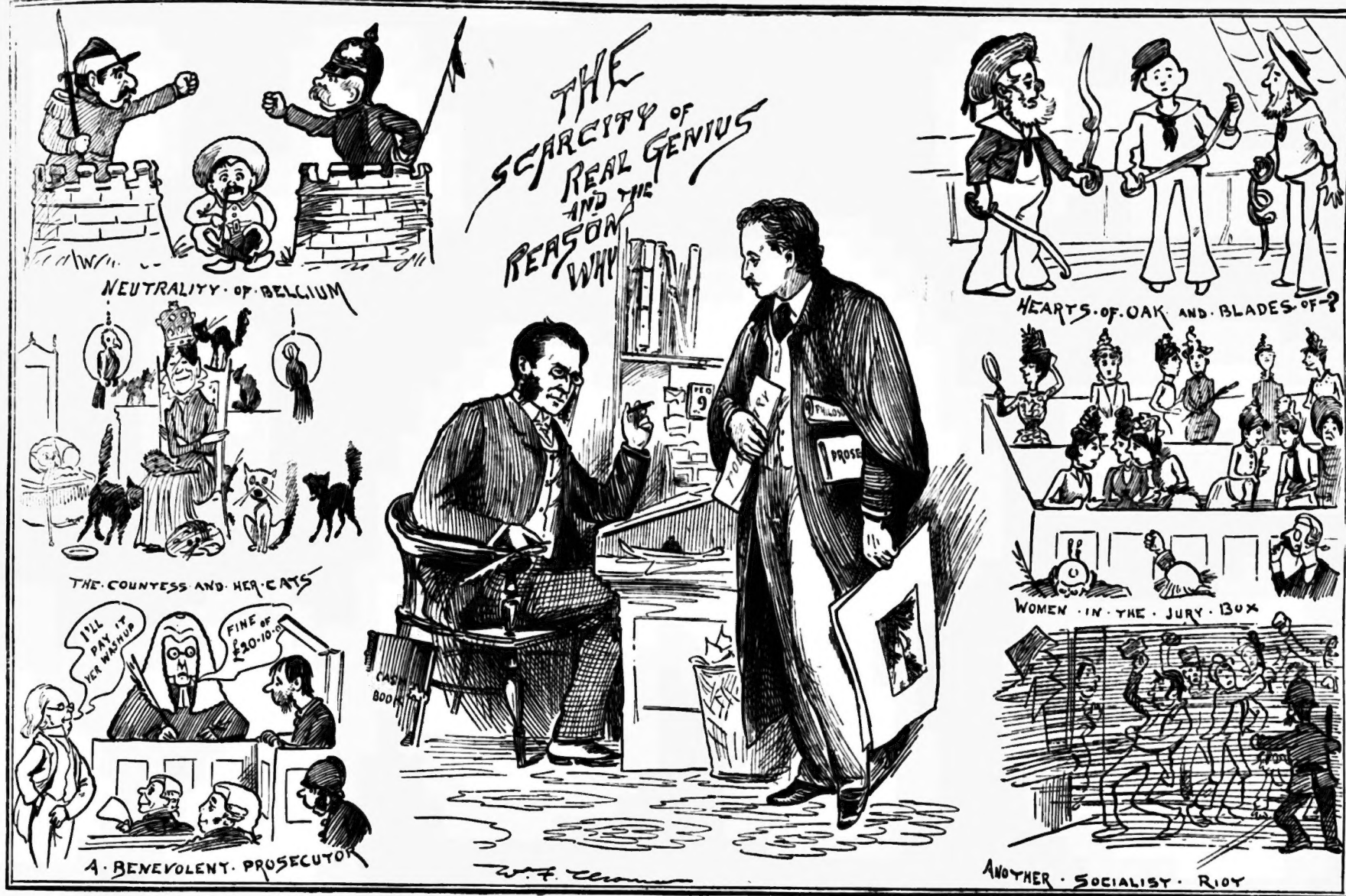
A RED 'UN—FROM "RUDDYGORE."

Inscribed to Gilbert and Sullivan by Billyum the Bloodguttered.



RATHER A TRYING POSITION.

At least, so young Thingembob thought as he was arranging the Loved One's bonnet strings, and the old woman looking on the while. [Will there ever come a time, though, when he won't care to arrange bonnet strings; or, if he does, will be jolly glad he isn't alone with—the Loved One?]



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Ladies and Gentlemen, your close attention, please.—The Frog and Sausage vent their spleen And spit(e), while Belgium rolls between: The Countess Me-ow de la Torre Keeps cats and parrots in galore; A rare old bird—that Cobham cock, Who paid the pelf for Lay in dock; "The Reason Why?" Genius is POOR, and this explains The bitter cry of scarcity—HE SELLS HIS BRAINS; The cut-lasses of sailor boys Twist out of shape like penny toys, There is some talk of women juries—May heaven forefend against such furies; At Clerkenwell some Socialists Soon got the handcuffs on their wrists.—Such, Ladies and Gentlemen, are some of the powers that be.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

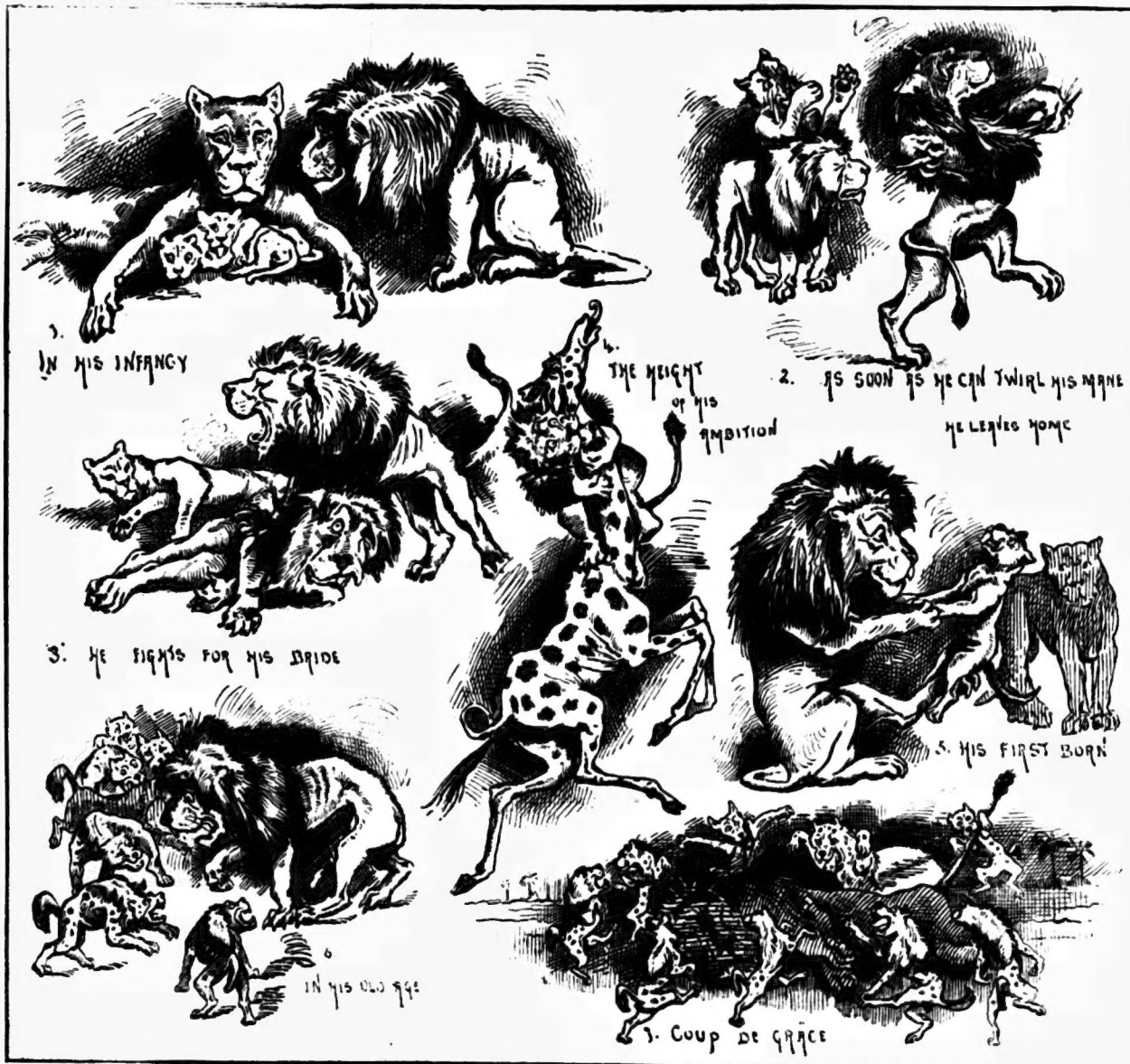


ERIN-GO-BRAGH!

Footing the merry jig to the soul-inspiring strains of Mr. Patrick Flannagan O'Flaherty's fiddle, which has been handed down as a family heirloom for the last three hundred years.



A TOTTERING EDIFICE.—NOT A SLOPER THIS TIME.



KING LION'S SHARE OF LIFE.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

KATE VAUGHAN'S Comedy Company is now performing *The Rivals* with great success at the Opera Comique. The company is a very good one, and the famous comedy is carefully acted. The presence of Lionel Brough, as Bob Acres, ensures the due representation of the comic scenes, on which so much depends, for Acres is the most prominent personage in the last act, and has much to do, therefore, with the impression left by the comedy. Kate Vaughan makes a most agreeable Lydia Languish. A dance is introduced into the scene in the Assembly Rooms, and is so gracefully and prettily done as, in a great measure, to carry its own excuse with it.



THE arrest of a young Artful Dodger, aged fifteen, has led to some active inquiries on the part of the police with respect to the local habitation and name of a French Fagin, who has a thieves' academy in Belleville. The juvenile operator was captured in the central market, just as he was making a professional dive into the pockets of an unsuspecting housewife. It appears that Fagin *redivivus* was in the habit of training his young pupils by hanging an enormous dummy figure with pockets from a beam. The contents of these pockets had to be removed by the alumni of the academy without stirring the dummy. Floggings oft repeated, and the thinnest of thin soup as a daily regimen, had combined to render the young thieves proficient in their profession. Iky Moses is painfully interested to learn more about this affair.

A CHARMING sunflower writes to Tootsie to point out that people who are flying south, in order that they may get a little sunshine, need not go very far to find it. The people of Hastings and Brighton have been enjoying beautiful weather and golden daylight from old Sol. "Oh, sunshiny Brighton and happy Hastings!" exclaimed the rusty, musty, fusty, and smut-begrimed *littérateur* to his adorable daughter.

IF we get a fine crop of *mésalliances* during the coming matrimonial season, society will know whom it has to thank for it. Sir Crichton Browne lately told a meeting that they "could see more true love-ness in a morning's walk, engaged in cleaning down the doorsteps, than in fashionable drawing-rooms, and that the factory-girl, with her shawl over her head and clogs on her feet, was far more beautiful than many ladies he had seen in Piccadilly, with high-heeled shoes and absurd bonnets." With science and art thus leagued against her, what chance has a marriageable maiden who has not the courage to be unconventional?

ALLY weighed in at the London Pavilion the other evening, and found everything going as merry as a marriage bell. The artistes engaged here by the management are all crack ones, and most of them F.O.S.'s. ALLY was pleased to see his old pal Dutch Daly full of his usual *intentionness*—*INTENTIONOUSNESS*—*INTENTIONOUSNESS*—*INTENTIONOUSNESS*—let it go!—and so mighty popular with the vast number of assembled Pavilionites. A. SLOPER, T.O.E., did not respond to the clamorous call on him for a song and dance, owing to a broken chilblain on his big toe. So he bowed his graceful acknowledgments from the stalls, and pledged them in a glass of his usual nerve-destroyer.

AUNT GEESER learns that a young woman named Annette Harchoux was tried at Paris the other day on a charge of forging the name of the Abbé Roussel to a bill for £40. Her defence was that the abbé had signed the bill himself after a copious dinner, when he had drunk too much champagne, and that she got him to sign it because she saw that he was getting tired of a *liaison* into which he had drawn her when she was but fifteen. Auntie says this would have been proved very easily, if the old abbé had shown the marks on his body as the judge wanted him to, and which he wouldn't.

GRIM Death has once more been playing sad havoc in Yankeeland. But even in the terrible records of railway disasters it may be doubted whether that on the Vermont Central Line has ever been surpassed. Whilst some of the passengers were being slowly burnt alive in the blazing cars, others were cast naked on to a sheet of ice, and exposed to fearful cold. Others, again, were drowned, and yet others were crushed or dashed to pieces when the train and the bridge fell together upon the frozen river lying fifty feet below the track.



BILLYUM, the blood-glutted, says during the late war in the Sudan, the Horse Guards' people supplied our men with bales of hay, which consisted almost exclusively of brick-bats. This practical military joke was followed by another in the shape of sending out barrels of flour which, before they could be made into bread, had to be chopped fine by means of axes. Further fun in the way of cartridges which jammed, and bayonets which would do anything but kill, showed conclusively the way in which the officials sitting at Whitehall ordered matters. "Why didn't they make me head-muck at Whitehall?" Billyum bitterly complains.

THE ill-feeling in France against Englishmen is beginning to make itself felt in many ways, and the newspaper writers have carefully schooled their readers in the belief that England will be responsible for whatever wrong may happen to France. One pictorial paper has a grotesque representation of John Bull and a half-naked woman intended to simulate the Gallic Cock. The woman plucks John's beard and raises her open hand to deal him a blow on the face, exclaiming at the same time, "There's one for you, Bull." Yet for all this ranting, England still manages to plod along.

THE Metropolitan Police Force, says his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, is about to be re-armed on the same principle as the City of London Police. The numerous complaints and also proofs of the defective truncheons now in the possession of the Metropolitan Police caused an inquiry to be instituted at head-quarters, and, as a result, the men are in future to be supplied with a new and improved weapon, which is fifteen inches in length, and will be manufactured of American teak. It will be carried in a pocket specially provided for that purpose.

THE most appalling crime ever known in the history of the city of Cleveland (Ohio), was committed in Independence Street. The murderer is Tonia Cabalek, wife of Vaclav Cabalek, a carpenter. There were five children, aged ten years, eight years, six years, four years, and six months respectively. Mrs. Cabalek fastened the doors, and taking a pair of sharp-bladed shears, nine inches long, commenced the slaughter of her innocent children. Her aim seemed to be, from the location of the wounds, to pierce their hearts, and then disembowel them in every case. Having completed her dreadful work, the maddened woman cut down a clothes-line and fastened one end to the ceiling. Then she rolled in a water-barrel, climbed upon it, fastened the rope securely about her neck, and kicked the barrel from under her feet. The drop and the smallness of the rope cut her throat almost from ear to ear, the blood running in torrents down her garments on to the floor.

ALEXANDRY considers that smoking in a powder magazine is the acme of recklessness. But even that does not equal the behaviour of one Robert Grieve, who, while engaged recently on some harbour works at Eyemouth, Berwickshire, endeavoured to force a dynamite cartridge into a pipe by *beating it with a stone*. As a natural consequence, Grieve was quickly sent to kingdom come. "And," says the guileless Blue-Eyed Boy, "Bobby will never more have cause to Grieve in this wale o' tears!"

MR. MATTHEWS has, in the Eminent's opinion, made a serious blunder. He has put pressure upon the President of the Divorce Court and other judges to induce them to render it impossible for the newspapers to report fully the divorce cases of the upper classes. If that passes without protest, without resistance, the next step will be to prohibit altogether the publication of "offensive reports," and undoubtedly such a prohibition would be much more logical than the half-and-half, milk-and-water proposal to allow the publication of all divorce cases in full, save the divorce cases of the rich and influential, for it is only the rich and influential who ever prolong a divorce case over a single day.

ADELINA PATTI's performances at the city of Mexico brought that lucky lady some £7,000 in but very few nights, and created quite a furore. So in another way did a non-musical performance which preceded hers. An "advance agent," a sort of Yankee prophet "sent before," appeared at Mexico shortly before the Diva's arrival, issued posters and advertisements, opened an office, "located" applicants in stalls, boxes, etc., and sold in all some 30,000 dols. worth of tickets. After "doing business" for two days or so, the agent retired on a competency, and has not since been heard of, though sought with tears.

MRS. LONGSHORE POTTS, an American lady, commenced a series of lectures on Health, in the Rotunda, Dublin, recently. Mr. Patrick Flanagan O'Flaherty says the proceedings were very disorderly, owing to a number of medical students in the balcony interrupting the lecturer by blowing tin whistles and rapping sticks on the seats. The lecturer bore this good-humouredly for a time, but shortly afterwards ten policemen marched into the balcony, and the disorder abated somewhat, but did not cease until Patrick O'Flaherty took the boys to task with his twig o' blackthorn.

EDMUND ROBINSON was sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment, at the Surrey Sessions, recently, for breaking into a gentleman's house at Wandsworth and stealing a quantity of jewellery. Mrs. Vigos saw the prisoner drop from her bedroom window, and pursued him, and although she was struck several violent blows, she detained him. Billyum the Gory asks whether Mrs. Vigos left any finger-nail marks on the wilun's mazard, and, if so, how much?

THE refined and enlightened town of Stalybridge has, it appears, a peculiar custom. This is to knock down, kick, and otherwise brutally assault every new member of the police force on his first appearance in public. On the last occasion, however, the examiners themselves failed to pass the test. The new constable on whom they set was duly knocked down and kicked, in accordance with the regulations; but, being an exceptionally tough customer, he jumped up, and arrested a prominent member of the examining body the remainder taking to flight. McGooseley says in London the police generally do the kicking part of the business; at least, he has found it so when happening to slip on the pavement or holding up to a lamp-post.

BILL HIGGINS says that at the Folkestone police-court, the other day, four seamen were charged on remand with committing a criminal assault on a girl fifteen years of age. The men enticed the girl on board a vessel in the harbour one Sunday to dinner. They all committed the offence in a most brutal manner, the girl's screams being heard from another vessel. The case, which has caused great excitement in Dover, was heard in private.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.
A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 26TH, 1887.

20th February, 1716.—David Garrick, who was born on this day, made his debut at Ipswich as Abaza, in *Oronooko*. During his career he played in forty-eight different tragic parts, and forty-two comic ones. On Garrick slipping his theatrical shell, as he called it, he sold his half share of the patent for £35,000. The great master died the 20th of January, 1779, in his 63rd year, and he was buried on February 1 in the south cross of Westminster Abbey. Dr. Johnson remarked, with an imperious sententiousness which was meant to settle the matter, that Garrick's death had "eclipsed the gaiety of nations."

20th February, 1694.—Voltaire, the philosopher, who was born this day, in his "Account of the Origin of Chivalry," after giving an account of the first association of nobles, to redress the illicit conduct of base and lawless banditti, and describing the instalment of knights, &c., adds:—"The principal lords, who entered into the confraternity of knights, used to send their sons to each other, to be educated, far from their parents, in the mysteries of chivalry. These youths, before they arrived at the age of twenty-one, were called *bachelors*, or *bas-chivaliers*, i.e., inferior knights, and after that age were qualified to receive the Order."

21st February, 1689.—It is said that Charles II., hearing the celebrated Isaac Vossius (a Freethinker, who died this day at Windsor) repeating some incredible stories about the Chinese, turning to those about him, remarked, "This learned divine is a very strange man; he believes everything but the Bible." Gerard Jean Vossius, his father, a learned writer, was ascending a ladder in his library, when it broke, and he was found dead and buried under his books.

21st February, 1869.—The Austrian frigate, *Radetzky*, blew up this day off Lima, killing about 380 persons. Frigate-built means the disposition of the decks of such merchant ships as have a descent of some steps from the quarter-deck and fore-castle into the waist, in contradistinction to those whose decks are on a continued line for the whole length of the ship, which are called galley-built.

21st February, 1730.—Pope Benedict XIII. died this day. A writer in the *Saturday Review*, in an article called "The Pope and the People," states that there is a tradition among the Roman populace that St. Peter reigned as Pope for twenty-five years, and that none of his successors are destined to exceed that term.

21st February, 1812.—An action was this day fought between the British ship *Victorious*, Captain Talbot, and the Venetian ship *Rivoli*, 74 guns. The *Rivoli* was captured after an engagement of five hours, with the heavy loss of 400 killed and wounded; the British loss was 42 killed and 99 wounded.

22nd February, 1836.—Joice Heth, a negress, who had been shown about the States by P. T. Barnum and others as the nurse of General Washington, and under the pretence that she was 162 years of age, died this day. "Joice Heth," says Barnum, "was certainly a remarkable curiosity, and she looked as if she might have been far older than her age as advertised. She was apparently in good health and spirits, but from age or disease, or both, was unable to change her position; she could move one arm at will, but her lower limbs could not be straightened; her left arm lay across her breast, and she could not remove it; the fingers of her left hand were drawn so as nearly to close it, and were fixed; the nails on that hand were almost four inches long, and extended above her wrist; the nails on her large toes had grown to the thickness of a quarter of an inch; her head was covered with a thick bush of grey hair; but she was toothless and totally blind, and her eyes had sunk so deeply in the sockets as to have disappeared altogether."

At a post-mortem examination of Joice Heth, it was thought that the absence of ossification indicated considerable less age than had been assumed for her; but the doctors disagreed, and this 'dark subject' will probably always continue to be shrouded in mystery.

23rd February 1885.—John Lee, convicted of the murder of Miss Keyse, at Babbacombe, was this day brought up for execution in Exeter gaol. The rope was adjusted, the burial service read, and the signal given, but the drop would not act. This was repeated three times, and at the end of half an hour it was decided to postpone the execution, and subsequently Lee's sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life. The rains of the two preceding days had, it was stated, caused the planks of the drop to swell, and hence the trouble.

23rd February, 1792.—"I have been fortunate in long good health and constant success, and I ought not to complain. I know that all things on earth must have an end." With these simple words of resignation Sir Joshua Reynolds died on this night without any visible symptoms of pain, at his house in Leicester Square, in the 69th year of his age. The house, No. 47, on the west side of the square, and in which Reynolds lived from 1761 till his death, was taken some years since by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, the well-known book-auctioneers.

24th February, 1869.—In the "Table Talk" column of the *Guardian* of this date, we read that "At Clement's Inn, grace after dinner is not said, but acted. Four loaves, closely adhering together, typical of the four gospels, are held up by the occupant of the chair, who raises them three times in allusion to the blessed Trinity, and then hands them to the butler, who hurries with them out of the hall with an alacrity which is emblematic of the freedom with which the Bread of Life is given to the world. This acted grace, it is almost needless to add, is of great antiquity, and clearly had a religious origin."

24th February, 1854.—At Niagara Falls, two men this day fell from the Suspension Bridge, a distance of 240 feet, and were dashed to pieces. The depth of the water on the edge of the Horseshoe Fall is estimated at 20 feet. When the ship *Detroit* was sent over the Falls in 1829, her keel, which drew 18 feet, passed clear over the point of the Horseshoe Fall without touching. The word Niagara is composed of two Indian words, *Niag hera*, "Hark to the thunder!"

25th February, 1881.—A terrible lynching case occurred this day at Springfield, Tennessee. Some time previously, nine negroes had murdered a farmer, for plunder, with horrible barbarity. All were caught and confined in gaol. A week afterwards the mob took two of them from the prison and lynched them, at the same time lynching another murderer confined there. Another prisoner, after confessing the crime, died in prison. The trial of the rest of the negroes was adjourned, and the Sheriff started with the prisoners in his charge for the gaol. A mob met him at the door and captured them. They then took possession of the court-house, and hanged five of them to the verandah. Two other negroes, who had turned State evidence, were pursued during the night and killed. Thus ten murders avenged that of the farmer.

25th February, 1885.—A Frenchman, M. Paul Thiébaud, this day committed suicide in Paris by walking into the electric-lighting works of M. Chertemps, and deliberately taking hold of the conducting wires of the apparatus at work. He was instantly killed by the shock.

26th February, 1840.—The Queen and Prince Albert this day visited Drury Lane Theatre in state, this being their first appearance in public after their marriage. The programme included the opera of *The Mountain Sylph*, and *Raising the Wind*. Her Majesty was attired in deep mourning, relieved by a profusion of diamonds, disposed in a compact massive border or tucker, full two inches and a half broad, which extended from shoulder to shoulder round the upper part of her dress. Her Majesty, who seemed to feel the cold, wrapped herself in a shawl and white ermine boa, shortly after her arrival.

26th February, 1838.—Two respectable persons this day made a statement at the Lambeth Police Office relative to the doings of the celebrated "Spring-needle Jack."

26th February, 1857.—Explosion of the fog-signal factory of the Eastern Counties Railway Company, near Stratford. The signal-house itself was blown to pieces, and three men killed.

THE CABWOMAN'S REIGN.



WHEN the Cabman's gone we'll no more endure Extortion or incivility, The Cabwoman's reign will at last insure Good behaviour and true gentility.

A high old time has her spanking steed, And right cleverly she can steer him, As he rattles along at terrific speed, With the crack of the whip to cheer him.

How neatly she handles the ribbons—view! How she graces her lofty station! She only runs over a child or two As a nice little recreation.

How bewitching she looks when she's perched on high, Where the summer breezes fan her; "Engaged?" you ask with a gentle sigh, In your most engaging manner.

Beware! If you buy not a plain gold ring For that maid of the handsome carriage, 'Tis ten to one she'll an action bring For breach of promise of marriage.

Each Week's Competition Complete in Itself.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

To Celebrate the Birth of the Infant SLOPER, the Friend of Man has decided to give Two Substantial Presents away every week to Purchasers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY"—one to be given to a Lady, and one to a Gentleman. All that has to be done is to cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish "what the Applicant is in want of," and post it to:—

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT,
"The Slopries,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* Applicants must write distinctly in left hand corner of Envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," February 19th, 1887.

Name
Address
Want*

* "Sloper Watches" will not be given.

3rd WEEK.

RESULT OF FEBRUARY 5th COMPETITION.

The following Applicants have been Awarded

"SLOPER PRESENTS."

1. DAISY TIDMAN, 6 Myrtle Terrace, BRENTWOOD.
A SILVER BRACELET.
2. COLOUR-SERGEANT-MAJOR J. R. WEBB, 23rd Company, Royal Engineers, South Camp, ALDERSHOT.
A CONCERTINA.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address is enclosed with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Address—TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"
"THE SLOPERIES,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG WIDOW, aged 30, fair, medium height, and considered a pretty figure, well educated and accomplished, moves in good society, wishes to meet with a gentleman of means, with a view to matrimony. Address—"GLADYS," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER, aged 25, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair complexion, considered handsome, is desirous of corresponding with a young lady, aged about 18 or 19, of an affectionate disposition, with a view to matrimony. Address, with photo—"NAVAL," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, aged 19, medium height, dark hair and eyes, considered good looking, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman, about 23, with a view to matrimony. She is thoroughly domesticated, musical, and fond of dancing, and will have money. Please enclose photo, and address—"IVY," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A NICE YOUNG MAN, aged 24, tall, and considered fairly good looking, would like to meet with a young lady of good family, with a view to matrimony. Money no object. Photo if possible. Address—"BERT," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A RESPECTABLE DOMESTICATED SERVANT, daughter of a tradesman, aged 30, fair complexion, blue eyes, beautiful teeth, height 5 ft. 2 in., considered pretty, fond of home and children, would like to correspond with a young man, about 22. Must be good looking, of a dark complexion, steady, and of an amiable disposition. Address, with photo, which will be returned if not suited—"MARTHA," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* NOTE.—Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the above advertisements. Advertisements already received, which do not appear above, will appear as soon as space admits.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

* In consequence of the enormous number of letters received, we are unable to publish those selected as soon as we could desire; but the Editor wishes to assure his Correspondents that all letters of importance and interest, and of moderate length, will be sure to find a place ultimately in his Letter-Box, and he therefore invites correspondence on all subjects.

REFRESHMENT DEPARTMENT, HOUSE OF LORDS, LONDON.

January 27th, 1887.

MY DEAR OLD ALLY,—I have not had the honour of having the "Award of Merit" presented to me, but I hope that by writing you this letter you will do so. I am very fond of pictures and drawings, and have a large collection of them; but I do not think they are complete without that splendid design of yours, the "Award of Merit," and also the honour which it would confer on me.

We sell a great quantity of your renowned "Unsweetered," our customers preferring it to any other. Now I must conclude with best love to the Family, especially to Jubilee.

Yours sincerely, J. T. AGGAS.

GROVE LODGE, BALHAM, Jan. 27th, 1887.

DEAR ALLY,—Whence this renovation in your moral nature? It was your wont, in days gone by, to be wounded all over with most poisonous darts; but now, with aim unerring, you shoot folly as it flies. As to your liking for "Unsweetered," I have nothing to say—nothing can be said; but it is glorious indeed to think that from the lowest depths of vice and degradation you have risen to the heights of wit and satire. This is a time for good resolves, Mr. SLOPER. Here, a word in your ear—keep up the production as at present, and then your paper will, I hope, flourish, and be spread over the surface of the earth in countless numbers. Wishing you a Happy New Year, I remain, dear Sir, your friend.

JOHN HOWE.

JUNIOR GARRICK CLUB, January 28th, 1887.

SIR,—Accuracy, I presume, in your statements—any more than originality in your well-worn wood blocks—is not a part of your creed. In a very indefinite statement about the poisoning of some Monks and Nuns in that remarkable Chronicle of still more Remarkable Events, your compiler, under date Jan. 25th, 1751, speaks of a place called Enghien, near Brussels. Now, this place is not near Brussels, it is 35½ miles away. It was never called, or written Enghien—but always ENGHEN, and a very pretty spot it is, on the way to the Ardennes. If accuracy of detail is any part of your business, please correct this.

Again, under date Jan. 29th, 1719-20—(why a double date, seeing that the new style of calendar was not adopted till 1751, in Great Britain?)—he speaks of a Jane Griffin being executed at Newgate. Now, any schoolboy would tell you that all executions took place at Tyburn at that date, and for nearly fifty years after—certainly till 1770 or 1771.

If these remarkable events are worth chronicling at all, surely a little attention as to truthfulness of date, place, &c., should be given.

A. SLOPER, Esq. Yours, &c., H. A. C.

PORTMAN PHARMACY, 55A GLOUCESTER PLACE,

PORTMAN SQUARE, January 28th, 1887.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to ask whether the paragraph in a recent number, headed "Consoling," and containing a smart attack on dispensing chemists, is quite fair to the class of men concerned? There are black sheep in every flock, and when some thousands of persons follow the same calling, all cannot do it equal credit. A hasty generalization, based on a solitary instance of mistake, is, appearing under theegis of your venerable name, calculated to frighten many a nervous patient and increase the already too numerous difficulties of many a struggling chemist. The tone of the paragraph indicates, to my mind, its emanation from the pen of Bill Higgins rather than from that of the eminent *littérateur*, who is not more renowned for temperance in "unsweetered" and conjugal fidelity than for his all-embracing philanthropy, his strict impartiality, and his universal beneficence.

I am, sir, yours most obediently,
A. SLOPER, Esq. F. HUBERT PAINTER.

NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR COOKERY,

SOUTH KENSINGTON, January 28th, 1887.

DEAR MR. SLOPER,—I have been a reader of the dear old paper for a long time, and have often wished to become a member of your charmed circle of friends. Several ladies I know have had that honour conferred upon them. I now venture to address your Eminence, and introduce myself as the cashier at this school and a member of Barnby's Choir at the Albert Hall. I wish you could come and see the school one day and bring Tootsie with you. I cannot offer you any "unsweetered" by way of refreshing your frame, but I may tempt you to try some of our tarts, jellies, creams, etc., and perhaps Tootsie may care to take lessons in cookery; she would look nice in cap, sleeves, and apron, as are worn by the lady students here. I will send you one of our official guides—that will tell you all about the school. Perhaps one Monday evening you would come to our choir practice at the Albert Hall; I think you would like it even better than a concert, as I know you would not care to wait too long before refreshing yourself with "unsweetered," and the concerts are very long—much too long for you. I am twenty, and I live with mother now.—I remain, yours very sincerely, EDITH EARL.

HUGO.

WHY should Sir Hugo leave the hall,
And seek the ruined tower,
When night has spread her gloomy pall,
And threatening tempests lower?

Broods he upon a deed of ill
And though his soul is riven
By fear, yet blood for blood we spill,
His foe still unforgiven?

Say, does he fear a father's curse,
A mother's bitter scolding?
Or are his thoughts still worse and worse
As night approaches morning?

Does he attempt in the chill air
Revenge and hate to smother,
Because the fairest of the fair
Is wedded to another?

No; he reflects upon no deed
Of stabbing, shooting, choking;
But out of doors consumes the weed,
As his aunt objects to smoking.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

ACROBATS must spend a fortune in locomotion; they're always taking a fly.

ALLY SLOPER hears, from a country friend, that the new sexton is likely to grow up a grave man.

INTENDING visitors to Mount Vesuvius should study "Lava-ter." MR. HENPECK complains that his better-half gives him no quarter.

WHY are the Camden Town 'busses like Her Majesty's Ministers?—Because they frequently go to Victoria.

"LET *will* alone," as the tippler said to the teetotaler.

TO A POTMAN.—"Take him for half-and-half, we shall not look upon his like again."

"HONESTY is the best policy, my boy," said old Jones to young Jones. "How do you know, father?" asked the anxious son and heir. "Because I have tried both, Samuel," said the worthy tradesman.

A HONEYMOON IN HIGHLOW TERRACE.

(Commenced in No. 124.)

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)



OSE Anna and I gaze blankly at each other. Endeavouring to put the best face on it, I point out to her how nice it will be when the house is thoroughly clean and dry again.

She sneezes in reply, and we sit in a species of vapour-bath longing for dinner.

Presently there comes a low single knock at the front door. Susan in the distance is still scrubbing, and, after a time, the knock is repeated. To save trouble, I answer the door. A very large, very fat, and very sturdy woman, in rusty black, with a band-box in one hand and a carpet-bag in the other, says, with an expression of the deepest scorn, "Well, you've come at last," and forces her way by me into the passage.

I don't think I feel altogether sorry when she stumbles over a pail and drats it.

She says to me, "Where's your mistress?" I explain to her with dignity who I am, but she does not appear to be impressed, and Rose Anna, hearing the conversation, comes out.

"Oh, Perkins!" she says, "I am so glad to see you. I thought you'd come."

"Time I did," says Perkins; "you want a deal of setting to rights."

Susan comes forward and listens.

"I'll soon put you in order," says Perkins.

"What's that you're saying?" asks Susan.

"Who is that?" asks Perkins.

Rose Anna answers for her, and says to Susan, "This is our new servant, and you had better go."

Upon this Susan appeals to me. I said before I liked being appealed to, and I think, under the circumstances, I am bound to support the servant my mother sent, but yet I should prefer things to be amicably arranged.

I put it in this light to Rose Anna, who says, decisively, "Turn her out of the house!"

I say, "My dear, that isn't the pleasantest way, is it?" She replies, "There is no other." I am sorry for this, because I confess I don't quite see how it is to be done.

Meanwhile there is an awful disturbance in the passage. Insulting language is used freely on either side. The sounds of a scuffle

reach us, and of a panting for breath; also a bumping noise, as of a head against a wall.

Rose Anna says, "They are killing one another. Go and separate them!"

I reply, calmly, "Let them have it out, and the one that survives we can keep."

But here the door is burst open, and the two combatants tumble in together, both looking very flushed and angry.

"If you please, mum, I should like to go," says Perkins.

"I'll take my money, sir," says Susan.

Perkins has gone, and Susan has had her money. They are gone, and we are still on the wrong side of dinner. Rose Anna is crying.

CHAPTER XV.

WE DO THE PROPER THING.

I CAN'T exactly say that we're quite settled yet. We've got a girl to come on by the day, and a boy to come on by the night. They don't come on very regularly, and they break a good deal, and they are both great readers.

I find *Charley Wag*; or, *The New Jack Sheppard*, hidden away in the soup tureen, the *Cottage Girl* among the blacking brushes, and *Dare-devil Dick* in the frying-pan; but I can't find the cork-screw anywhere. I look for Henry, our boy, and I don't find him either. Upon further search I find him at play in the road, and say, "If I catch you, my fine fellow—" I don't precisely know what I am going to do in that case; but as I don't catch him, it doesn't much matter.



The two combatants tumble in together.

I wish we were settled. For ever so long I have been telling my friends I hope to see them when we're settled. Rose Anna has been doing the same. It has at last become a sort of joke among my friends to ask me if I'm settled yet. I don't see the joke myself, but they laugh at it.

(To be continued next week.)



ALL ON ACCOUNT OF THE "HALF-HOLIDAY."
"Mary, my dear, Willyum, my boy, here's sad news! Our F. O. M.'s been ill, an' we know'd nought about it. Such a brick as 'im we can't spare 'em yet, so goo an' send 'im up the best brace o' hares ye've got on t' farm."



THOSE DREADFUL RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.
McMouther, being a nervous individual, has made up his mind to eschew railway travelling in future, and spin his journeyings out toe and heel, all fair and square.



STUDY VERSUS CARELESSNESS.
The studious youth is the most valuable and gets "used," while the careless one gets an admiral's topper and laughs at his pal, who only gets a captaincy. And 'twas ever thus!



JUST SO!

Mamma (reading to Nice Boy). "The Esquimaux are a dirty people, and wash but once a year—in the summer season;" but you, Johnny, will be a clean boy and wash like an Englishman, won't you? Nice Boy. No, Ma; I'll be an Esquimaux, please, Ma.

LORD TOTPERTOWER'S TIGHT BOOTS.



1. "Look here," said his lordship, "I'm afraid these here boots will pinch me a little. You walk about in them for a couple of hours, will you?"



2. "Oh, lor'! oh, lor'! here's agony!"



3. His lordship never had a pair of boots that were more comfortable.



2. Now, Brownsmith was as well-meaning a serving-man as ever lived, but his feet were a size or two larger than his lordship's.



4. "Now, then, what are you about? I don't hear you creaking."



6. Poor Brownsmith! he's crippled for life!



THE PLAN OF SHAM PAY...



GWINE TO GIT MARRIED.



TEN TO ONE HE DOES!

First Flunkie. I say, does your Governor go to this 'ere Unitarian Chapel when he's up in town?
Second Flunkie. No; but he "at-ten's to one" in the country.